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## Song of the Reaper.

My grandfather was right little and old,  
And crooked and worn was he;  
But his teeth were good, and his heart was bold,  
And he swam the waves of a sea of gold,  
But he couldn't keep up with me—me—me—  
Couldn't keep up with me.  
Then his away to the golden plain!  
We will crash and dash through glistening grain,  
And gather the wealth of earth and sun,  
And the world will eat when our work is done.  
My father he was bent and lean,  
But a widespread hand had he;  
And his fingers they were long and clean,  
And he swung his broadsword bright and keen,  
But he never could fight with me—me—me—  
Never could fight with me!  
Then his away where the sunlight sleeps,  
And the wide-floored earth a granite keeps;  
We will capture its bushels, one by one,  
And the world will eat when our work is done.  
The grain stalk bows his bristling head  
As a clatter and clash along,  
The stubble it lends beneath my tread,  
The stalks' yellow tint is spread,  
And the hills throw back my song—my song—  
The hills throw back my song!  
Then his away where the fount of nations flows,  
And the yellow tide of the harvest flows,  
As we dash and crash and glide and run;  
And the world will eat when our work is done!  
—Wm. M. Carlisle, in Harper's Weekly.

## MY FRIEND HARRIS.

"There, Emily, I had nearly forgotten it!" I exclaimed, as I arose from the breakfast-table. "I have invited an old friend to dine with us this evening. Let us have those ducks which were sent here yesterday, done in cookie's best style."  
"George, you are the most inconsiderate man," returned my wife, with a rebuking smile and shake of the head.  
"Where my heart has gone my head has followed," I replied, resolute myself. "You've got both; I've been beside myself ever since I married you."  
I would have said to the reader that this was the first week of our house-keeping, and that we had just ended our wedding tour.  
"You are not always beside yourself, sir. You are frequently away from me," Emily declared, recognizing the fact that she was indeed my better-half.  
"But I can't think of any one but yourself, or I would before this have told you of my meeting Harris, a dear old friend, whom I had not seen for five years. I know you will like him. I was in a great hurry when I found him, came near passing him, but a well-remembered limp he has made me stop. He was much changed in appearance; he wears a full beard now, but his eye had the same merry twinkle. I asked him where he had got back from Europe, but didn't get his answer, and commenced about you, and then gave him our address. He'll be here tonight. You've heard me speak of Harris?"  
"You've so many friends, George—"  
"Well, you'll like him, any way, and now I'm off. Business—detestable business!"  
Upon my walk home at four in the afternoon my memory was employed in furnishing me with anecdotes in which my friend figured; that sleighing party—ha! ha!—in which Harris had proved himself a hero; that escapade of his on a fishing excursion.  
But as I arrived within sight of my house my purpose was changed. I would not do any talking so far as to draw him out. He had a fund of humor which could not fail to delight my wife. I must make him speak of his European travel; how well his old talent of mimicry would serve him in describing oddities he had met abroad. Above all, I must not let him leave without uttering a pencil sketch from him of my darling Emily. Among other accomplishments Harris was a very clever draughtsman.  
Emily met me with a kiss, as was her wont, but immediately left my side to superintend preparations in the kitchen, and after a change of my attire I entered my parlor, where I soon became interested in the pages of a new book, I was roused therefrom by the ringing of the front door bell.  
I rushed at once to welcome my friend. Despite my novel dignity as householder I had no thought of standing upon any ceremony with him.  
Clapping both his hands in mine I fairly dragged him into the parlor, and then thrust him into my easiest chair.  
"You must pardon my leaving you so soon yesterday. I had an imperative engagement when I saw you. Gracious, man! how bald you have become?"  
This final exclamation of mine was occasioned by my visitor's removing his hat, for which he had had no previous opportunity.  
"Care, dull care," returned my friend, in a melancholy tone, and I then was nearly guilty of a surprised remark on the seediness of his attire. His linen, which he had concealed as far as possible, was ragged and even dirty.  
Had Harris run through the large fortune which he had inherited? Some mischance had evidently befallen him. Mingled with my desire to offer him sympathy beginning to think of some idea upon my wife, an impression so different from that I had pictured to myself. I hastily strove to turn the current of my thoughts by the remark: "Well, I believe baldness improves you—you have a portentously intellectual aspect because of it. I have another reason for being pleased with it. I see more of you. But—come, tell me about yourself."  
"Not just now, please. I had rather hear you talk of yourself."  
I proceeded to oblige him, but was constantly disturbed in my narrative by singularities and even vulgarities of manner on his part. How Harris had changed.  
Poverty and presumable low associations had evidently demoralized him. I was fairly beginning to think of some decent excuse for ridding myself of him.

I did not wish to present him to my wife.  
But before I could exogitate a plan Emily came in.  
I rose hastily, and stammered as I introduced him.  
"I have heard so much of you, Mr. Harris," said she.  
"I can return the compliment, madam," he replied, seating himself upon the edge of his chair. "Fine weather we're having!"  
My wife glanced surprisedly at me, and my friend, affecting ease, threw himself back, so that his body and legs made a straight line at an angle with the floor.  
And this was the man whose refinement I had lauded! Harris was undoubtedly under the influence of some drug.  
A full minute of silence succeeded, and our guest again spoke, as to our relief he assumed a more becoming position.  
"It's a very long time since your husband and myself were together," he said, with what was now to me a repulsive smile.  
"You have been a great traveler, I understand?" Emily responded.  
"I may say I have been in every State in the Union, North and South, East and West."  
"I thought Europe was the continent you loved best to roam in?"  
"Been there, too—Africa and Asia—but I have never met before so beautiful a lady."  
Such gross flattery was as displeasing to me as to my wife, who replied:  
"Is it possible, sir, that not even among the Hottentots exists my equal?"  
"Madam, I assure you, not even there," returned Harris, with seriousness.  
"Emily, dinner must be ready," I interposed, disgusted with the vanity of my friend, whose intellect was truly under a cloud, but whose eye visibly brightened at my suggestion.  
"I will see," said my wife, as she rose to leave us.  
When, with my friend, I rejoined her at the table, I was as depressed in spirits as he seemed to have been. Now, however, there was decided animation in his expression and movements, certainly, in the way he plied his knife and fork.  
He was voracious, and pity for him succeeded to the vexation I had experienced. He ate like one who had long fasted, and his voracity was conspicuous under the brilliant lights of the table.  
Emily's eye met mine with an expression of interrogation and compassion. Conversation flagged.  
I determined to broach the subject of his altered circumstances as soon as we were alone together, but was forestalled by my friend, to whom a plentiful dinner had furnished courage.  
As we entered the parlor, he said:  
"I suppose I have surprised you by my appetite?"  
"I was glad to see you enjoyed your dinner."  
"It's the first square meal I have had for two days. He now drew closer to me, and continued: "Can't you lend me some money?"  
"I'll write you a check at once for fifty, if it will serve you. Is it possible you have run through your fortune?"  
"You've not heard, then, how I lost it? I supposed you knew all."  
"I've heard nothing. You were reported worth a million."  
"All gone with the smash-up of a bank—Bowling Bros. But I have promise of employment, and will repay you."  
"I will write the check at once."  
With these words I entered the library, leaving him alone.  
I sought my wife before I returned and explained the situation of my unfortunate friend, concluding with the remark that he had certainly suffered in his wits by the loss of his property.  
She refrained from expressing a single word of the abhorrence with which he must have filled her, and was profuse in kindly sympathy.  
"Don't come in for a few minutes after I have brought this to him," I said, in conclusion, showing her the check. "When you do, we will try to make him forget his losses by asking him to sketch your portrait, he admires you so extremely, and you will wonder at his skill."  
He started as he again saw me, and seemed even less at his ease than heretofore, turning toward me with both hands in his pockets, while his winking eye refused frankly to meet mine.  
But as I presented the check he scrutinized it eagerly, and then was almost nauseous with thanks.  
He did not resume his seat, but almost immediately stated that he thought he had better leave, it was getting late, and he muttered some other unintelligible words.  
"My wife will be here in an instant," I answered, to detain him; and, as I spoke, she appeared. "I have promised her that you should show your skill as an artist," I continued.  
"And I have brought with me paper and pencils!" she exclaimed, extending the hand to him.  
But his hands again sought his pockets, as he bowed and stammered: "I—I am entirely out of practice."  
"Only my wife's likeness. Come, now, it won't take you five minutes."  
"Impossible, impossible!" said he. "I could never do such beauty justice."  
"Well, then, sketch me," I demanded.  
"I really could not do that at this time. Some other day. I really am not in the mood, not feeling well, in fact. You will excuse me. I—I am delighted with my visit, but I'd better go now. You will soon see me again; and I have passed into the hallway with these final words.  
I followed to give him a farewell shake of the hand, and then watched his limping gait until he passed out of sight.  
I then saw Emily beside me.  
"Poor fellow!" said she.  
"I could not have judged such a perfect change possible," I answered.  
"Would you believe that that man was once the light of the social circle, a wit, the glass of fashion—almost our Admirable Crichton?"

"I could not, indeed," she replied, demurely.  
We returned to the parlor, and I lighted a cigar. Emily at once proceeded to the mantelpiece to place beside me a silver ash-receiver which usually stood there.  
"George, where is it?" she soon asked, with a started look.  
"Where's what? Cousin Tom's present? Oh, upstairs, I suppose," I replied.  
"It was certainly on the mantelpiece when we went to dinner," she returned, and then advanced to the center-table beside which I was sitting.  
After a rapid glance thereon she commenced turning over the books and other articles.  
"And where is my gold card-case," she now exclaimed.  
"Emily, you are too suspicious," said I, more in response to her expression of face than of words.  
But the two presents were still missing, when a week after I encountered an old chum of both Harris and myself, one of the latter's friends.  
"Poor Harris!" I exclaimed. "How he is changed! Have you seen him lately?"  
"Seen him? No! How could I? He's in Paris, lucky as ever. I had a letter from him yesterday. He informs me of his approaching marriage with a business partner, a young man whose debut in society recently made a sensation, and she is as amiable as accomplished, and as accomplished as beautiful. What do you mean by poor Harris? Why, he's about to secure another fortune equal to his own. Here's his letter."  
I stared at it and read with wonder, but was wholly unable to respond to my friend's query.  
There was another in my mind which I propounded to the reader: "Who was my friend Harris?"

## A Love-Lorn Hermit.

Thirty years ago Gilbert Francis Vertzen, a Frenchman, drifted into a small French village, about three miles west of New Albany, Ind. He was unknown in the society of human beings and found a cave in a contiguous wild region called the "Knobs." He procured a chair, a box for a table, a powder plate, a tin cup and two quills, and moved into the cave and became the "hermit of the Knobs." How he lived, how he was supported, and how he was supported, is a matter of conjecture. He was a matter of fact the thermometer shows a decline of the bodily heat. Any task requiring more than half an hour can not be done as well with alcohol as without. The rent of a bedroom in the city, he says, is that of a flavor which may be equally well secured by the use of fruits.  
An excellent charity has just been established in London. An organization has been formed of benevolent spirits, the rent of a bedroom in the city, he says, is that of a flavor which may be equally well secured by the use of fruits.  
A Canadian paper, whose editor probably believes that Friday is an unlucky day, prints the following paragraph: "Are not such facts as these enough to make one ask, 'What's in a name?' The small excursion steamer that carried nine persons to their doom at Galt three years ago was named the Empress of India. The excursion boat that went down in the river Thames, at London, England, in the fall of 1878, and swept 600 passengers into the other world, was called the Royal George; and last, but not least, the steamer Victoria that parted to carry decolations into thousands of Canadian homes and draped our land in mourning, bore the name of our beloved queen, upon whose birthday the boat gave up the ghost, in sight, we should also say, of the sister boat, the Princess Louise. Strange fatality! Strange enough certainly to put serious thoughts into one's head."  
A couple of boys in a New York town learning that the odor and noise of several pigs were disagreeable to the owner's neighbors offered for a small sum to abate the nuisance. Whether their offer was accepted or not does not appear. At any rate they proceeded to business by buying two papers. With these they properly prepared a supply of potatoes and other garbage which was fed to the animal with most successful results. The swine went into a rapid decline and had to be slaughtered. The parents of the boys were obliged to settle with the owner, but the neighbors felt relieved. Of course the reader will be curious to know what two papers are used in killing hogs. For if once known there are strychnine and midnight cats enough to insure them a large circulation. To know also where they are published, and whether they are daily or weekly. Perhaps without giving names it will be sufficient to say that one was a paper of pins, the other of tacks.  
About the Alphabet.  
The Sandwich Islands alphabet has twelve letters; the Burmese, nineteen; the Italian, twenty; the Bengalese, twenty-one; the Hebrew, Syrian, Chaldee and Samaritan, twenty-two each; the French, twenty-three; the Greek, twenty-four; the Latin, twenty-five; the German, Dutch and English, twenty-six each; the Spanish and Slavonic, twenty-seven each; the Arabic, thirty-eight; the Persian and Coptic, thirty-nine; the Georgian, thirty-five; the Armenian, thirty-eight; the Russian, forty-one; the Muscovite, forty-three; the Sanscrit and Japanese, fifty; the Ethiopic and Tartarian, 202 each.  
Tellers of exaggerated stories are known in business circles as yarn merchants.

## FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The mayor of Quincy, Illinois, is very fond of fifteen-ball pool; and his sister is trying to wean him from the game. She went to the billiard saloon when he was engaged in it, the other day, and gave him her opinion of him, of the game and of the company in which she found him, and this proving ineffectual, she dropped upon her knees in prayer for her sinful brother, whereupon the mayor fled through the back door. Even mayors are mortal.  
The movement in the industrial world now seems to be toward obtaining substitutes for wood. The disappearance of our forests is feared to be an event of the near future, so that any substance that can take the place of wood is welcome. It is proposed to replace wooden sleepers with steel; slate already has largely usurped the place of shingles; cotton refuse is compressed into building blocks; gum is made into a substance resembling black walnut; sawdust is pressed into a form which only experts could distinguish from the original lumber.  
An ingenious farmer, sticking a few nails into a clothesline to keep his neighbor's cattle out of his pasture, went about his other business, thinking no more of the matter. A sharp fellow came along, saw the rope and began to think about it. He evolved the "barbed wire" fence, and the very farmer from whom the fellow got the idea has to pay him a tribute for an article which he himself originally designed. And the income of the monopoly is estimated at \$100,000 per month.  
Dr. James, of Harvard college, brother of the novelist, Henry James, Jr., is lecturing to the medical students on the use of alcoholic drinks. He thinks the evidence, on the whole, is in favor of total abstinence. Alcohol takes the place of food by temporarily reducing the normal demand for it, but "this effect is not desirable" or "consistent with perfect health." The effect of alcohol on the circulation is to create an illusionary feeling of warmth, while as a matter of fact the thermometer shows a decline of the bodily heat. Any task requiring more than half an hour can not be done as well with alcohol as without. The rent of a bedroom in the city, he says, is that of a flavor which may be equally well secured by the use of fruits.

## FOR THE LADIES.

Dressing the Hair.  
A book that should give the full history of the feminine head-dress would be a book full of interest. How many long and patient researches its author would have to make to give even a glimpse of the thousands of thousands of transformations that the natural ornament of the human skull has undergone at the bidding of taste and of caprice!  
During the epoch of paganism the priestess of Bacchus appeared in public with flowing tresses; while Diana and her nymphs are represented as knotting their hair on the top of their heads. The coiffure of the ancient Roman ladies, as also of the Roman dames, was of an extreme simplicity; they parted the hair on the top of the head and braided it in long plaits falling down the shoulders. Very often they made these plaits a twist behind the head, which was kept in place by means of a bandelet. The Roman ladies, whose slaves were counted by thousands, employed many of these devices in dressing their hair. Woe to the slaves if the coiffure became disarranged! Patience was not one of the virtues of the fashionable women of those days. They diverted themselves by thrusting long pinners into the flesh of their improvised hairdresses.  
Even at that time the hair was already in use, for we know that Flavia, by way of insulting the corpse of Cicerus, drew a hairpin from her locks and thrust it through the tongue of the illustrious orator, as though thus taking vengeance for the sarcasms that tongue had hurled at her. The use of hair powder was also known, since Poppea, the second wife of Nero, never allowed herself to be seen by her lord and master until she had first covered her locks with a powder of gold.  
During the middle ages fashion did not get any further than the plaits and bandeaux until the Crusaders left an Oriental imprint on the art of hair-dressing. Toward 1660 a revolution suddenly broke out among the ladies who set the pattern of elegance. Curls became the fashion and graciously shaded the charming features of the Le Vallieres, the Sevignes, the Maintenons, the Ninon de l'Enclos and the other beauties who adorned the reign of Louis XIV. A little later the pyramidal head-dresses came into vogue and grew to ridiculous heights. So absurdly high were they that ladies going to the ball were forced to kneel down in their carriages or to thrust their heads out of the windows. In caricature of the period hairdressers on the way to the houses of their patrons are represented as carrying ladders upon their backs.  
The revolution of 1789 was a terrible blow to the artists of the profession, and the disuse of powder and of wigs forced them to sensibly modify their art. It was at this time that a hairdresser named Michalon invented and brought into fashion the practice of exhibiting different styles of head-dresses on the heads of the wax figures which still ornament the windows of his successors. The reign of Louis XVIII., Charles X. and Louis Philippe contributed nothing to the history of hair-dressing, except fashions that nowadays would be considered eccentric.  
With the advent of the Second Empire we enter the domain of modern hair-dressing. Felix Escoiler, hairdresser to the Empress Eugenie, composed for the wedding of the sovereign a coiffure consisting of two bandeaux in front; the one in the Marie Stuart style, the other rolled, beginning at the top of the head and falling gracefully down the neck in little curls. This dresser of crowned heads was before everything else an innovator. For many years he still ornamented the windows of his professional brethren could not succeed in imitating him, and they employed all sorts of stratagems to discover his secrets. One day as he was dressing the hair of the wife of a great agitator of the Empire he perceived one of these rivals who, disguised as a valet, had entered the shop to spy out the new style, in order to employ it on the head of one of his own clients. Felix, pretending not to see anything, dressed madam's head in the most laughable and grotesque fashion that he could devise. As soon as his rival had gone away he undid all that he had done and constructed a scientific and novel coiffure. As for the rival, he imitated with implicit confidence what he had seen. Filled with enthusiasm, he dressed the hair of his client, a lady who was to pass the evening at the Tuileries. Her entrance into the imperial ballroom was the signal for laughter and jests on all sides. It was the ruin of the unlucky hairdresser.  
Fashion Facts.  
Dotted mill scarfs are much worn. Red parasols are striking novelties. The fashionable parasol is very large. There is a rage for tan-colored gloves.  
The obelisk is a novelty in rough straw hats.  
All sleeves are half short and all gowns very long.  
Red abounds in summer dresses, hats and bonnets.  
Box-plaited and shirred corsages grow in popularity.  
The obelisk hat has a tall, tapering crown and a wide brim.  
Plain black grenadines, trimmed with black lace, will be much worn.  
Corsage bouquets of pure white flowers are the fancy of the passing moment.  
There is a decided tendency to make skirts fuller and their draperies more bouffant.  
The wearing of a frill of lace around the edge of the brim of hats and bonnets is revived.  
Obelisk hats are trimmed profusely around the crown with long, rich, heavy ostrich plumes.  
There is a revival of black and white striped silks for parts of costumes and for underskirts.  
Fancy bracelets and necklaces and pins, mounted with insects and odd designs, are much worn.

## Voices of the Night.

"It was late last night when you retired!"  
"Yes, papa," I said, with a yawn behind my fan, "for the horrid moon he just talked on and on.  
The more I listened the more he stayed:  
I knew you were waked, too,  
And I told him so; but he would not go—  
And what could a poor girl do?"  
"It was very late when you retired?"  
"Yes, papa!" I frankly said,  
"For the man, you see, just talked to me,  
Though I yawned till my eyes were red;  
And I went far, when the clock struck twelve,  
As to count the strokes all through;  
But—the stupid!—he just would not see—  
And what could a poor girl do?"  
"It was worse than late when you retired!"  
"Why, I tell you, papa!" I cried,  
"If I listened once to the tiresome dance,  
'Twas a hundred times beside I  
Why, I even said you'd been in bed  
For at least five hours I knew;  
But he tipped his chair, and still sat there—  
So what could a poor girl do?"  
"Well, the jesses-girl: was you up all night?"  
"Why, papa!" I humbly plead,  
"Don't thunder so! there's a man below:  
And he's sent you his card, and said:  
That the reason why he stayed all night  
Was, that he wanted to see you, too,  
That he might ask for the hand I gave—  
For what could a poor girl do?"

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Out of season—An empty spice-box.—  
Jacob Strauss.  
The retired theater star is always an exacting creature.—Boston Transcript.  
"Love lightens labor," as the man said when he saw his wife doing his work for him.  
When a man applies for a situation as a policeman it is supposed he has a taste for a club life.  
Some financial distress—When you haven't got money enough to buy oatmeal for a woman.—New York News.  
A canal differs from most things in one respect—it is always filled before it is opened.—Syracuse Evening Herald.  
Gate posts should be set out firmly. A great deal may hinge upon them as your girls grow up.—New Haven Register.  
Some one has said that parks are the breathing-places of a city. No one has said that parks are the spark-places of a city.  
"When yesterday I asked you, love, one little word to say, your brother interrupted us; so please say yes ter day."—Toronto Grip.  
A woman requested her husband not to associate with a certain man who was a hard drinker. "Why," he exclaimed, "he's my boozem friend."  
An Irishman, who was found guilty of stealing coffee, was asked by the magistrate what he did with it. "Made tea with it," was the Hibernian's reply.  
An exchange says that "the coming girl is to be prettier than the kind we now have." Impossible; there can be no improvement upon the original article.  
Wasn't it rough on Ella, just as she was telling Frederick, at lunch, how she'd eat her appetite was to have the cook haul out. "Say, will ye have yer pork and beans now, or wait till yer feller's gone?"  
"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "Oh, either side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."  
The best runs for poultry are where grass and gravel are plentiful. Grass runs are of great value where they can be had, but they must be large if fowls have constant access to them or the grass will soon cease to grow.  
A lawyer's brief is very long.  
A man is dry when he is green.  
And when he's light he's black.  
A horse is hot when he is cooled.  
A lamp is heavy, though it's light;  
A shoe is bought when it is sold.  
A man can see when out of sight.  
A London servant girl is represented as saying: "Hard weather, indeed, sir. I wish the Lord would take the weather in his own hands again, instead of trusting it to them Yankee probability men. We might then get something fit to live in."  
A school-teacher, discharged for using the rod too freely, applied for employment in a dressmaker's establishment. "Have you had any experience in sewing?" asked the dressmaker. "No," was the reply, "but I have a thorough knowledge of busting."—Somerville Journal.  
A sleeper is one who sleeps; a sleeper is also a place where a sleeper can sleep; and a sleeper is, too, a thing over which runs the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps; so that the sleeper in the sleeper sleeps while the sleeper runs on as well as sometimes leaps off the track.—Wit and Wisdom.  
HEALTH HINTS.  
English physicians report the obtaining of purgative effects from the external application of castor oil over the abdomen.  
Rare-cooked fresh meats are far more easily digested, and furnish much more nutriment than those well done. Habit will make one enjoy the rare-cooked steak as more juicy and palatable, and it is certainly better as food.  
If the skin of the head becomes very tender during confinement to the bed make a narrow pillow, cylinder-shaped, and unite the ends. The head can rest on such a pillow and the ear not come in contact with the surface. The ears suffer most when the skin of the head is tender.  
Sprains are always promptly relieved by allowing the coldest water to fall upon the part steadily, until no discomfort is experienced. Repeat as often as necessary; keep the sprained joint elevated, if about the hands, and horizontal if about the feet, so as to promote the flow of blood from the parts by gravity; and live for a few days on fruits and coarse bread mainly.

Pale tinted mill muslins are as much worn as white and cream, and make more dressy toilets.  
White jonquils and stock gillyflowers are worn for corsage bouquets by ladies in second or half mourning.  
New scrap bags are shaped like a great vase, and trimmed with acorns, bows, and tails of many colors.  
Pale rose, blue, and cream white a-side zephyr cloths will be ag in use for inexpensive and garden-party dresses.  
Chair stripes, sofa pillows, mantel lambrequins, and tidies of blue satin, worked in bright colors in silk and wool, suit any kind of furniture.  
Decorative needlework designs on table scarfs, piano covers, curtains, valances, tidies and mats is the favorite fancy work of women of leisure for the summer.  
Pretty and easy fancy work for summer afternoons is that done on linen doilies, or linen or moccie cloth strips and squares, in outline designs, stitches with bright red or black or varicolored silks.  
An eccentric fashion is to put white and black ostrich plumes on opposite sides of the brim of a black chip hat, separate by a bow of white satin over white Spanish lace, while the brim is lined with white satin and white Spanish lace frilled in and held down with a row of large cut jet beads.  
Striped goods are used by the best dressmakers as trimming rather than to form any important part of the dress. They make the flowers, which are half concealed by the Greek fret on the border of the overskirt, they form the plaiting about the neck and sometimes the cuffs, but they do not make the dress too gay.  
A Quiet Boarding House.  
"I have come in answer to your advertisement for board," said a nervous old lady to a port miss of thirteen, as the latter showed her into a parlor of all the comforts of a home establishment on Henry street. "And I won't come here unless your house is perfectly quiet, now remember that."  
"Quiet! well, you may smile," replied Miss. "That noise you hear now is the least in the basement, pulling out a tooth, but he'll get it out, if it takes him a month. How much can you afford to pay?"  
"I think I hear some one upstairs shouting," said the old lady.  
"That's only a young lawyer practicing a case. You'll get used to him. Nobody liked it at first, but we've all got used to it and don't mind it now. Got any children? We don't take children, because our babies fight 'em so."  
"No, I haven't. Who's that yelling in the next room?"  
"That's the landlord trying to collect the rent. You know pa is very deaf, and you've got to howl at him. You'll have to pay in advance if you come here."  
"Good gracious! What's that?" ejaculated the old lady, as a furious din swept through the lower regions.  
"I guess the cook is driving grandma out of the kitchen with the clothespoe. She often does that. Have you got much baggage?"  
"Sales alive! Somebody is being murdered upstairs. Who is it?"  
"Oh! that's a literary fellow on the top floor. Whenever he writes anything he squeals like a pig. But he generally writes at night, and you needn't pay any attention to him."  
"What are your terms?—good heaven, the roof has fallen in!"  
"No, it hasn't; that's a college professor, and that's the way he goes up and down stairs. If you listen you may hear him break his neck! Can you give any references? Anybody know you?"  
"Certainly; if I was that a gun?"  
"I guess so. My cousin has got a prairie down cellar where he hunts Indians and buffaloes and things. Sometimes he's a road agent, and then he robs us on the stairs. We always allow for it in the board, so it evens up. Got any money of your own?"  
"Never mind whether I have or not; I don't think I want a room here, anyway. Let me out, please."  
"Couldn't let you have one, anyway," retorted miss, preparing to slide down the staircase. "There's only one empty one, and that's too high priced for you; besides, you don't wear very good clothes, and we prefer not to have you around." And down the slide she went with a whizz, while the old lady pattered off after another home-like house.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## A Nevada Snake Story.

Probably there is no animal on earth so intelligent and humane as a Nevada rattlesnake. A little girl, four years old, belonging to a farmer, was one day with in the mountains the other day while her father got out of the wagon to get a drink at the spring. As she was one of twelve daughters he hated to spoil the set, and so pushed on after her, but with little hopes of overtaking the frightened animal. Presently he found the horse right on the edge of a precipice unable to move a hair. One end of a strap had caught around his fetlock, the other end around a tree, and held him tight. When the farmer went to pull on the strap he jumped about ten feet, for a rattlesnake was holding the horse. It had wound his tail around the horse's leg, its neck was turned three times around a sapling and its teeth were fast in the wood. It was twelve feet long, for the farmer measured it. A few pounds more strain would have snapped the snake clear in two. The snake wasn't over five feet long really, for when the farmer took the strain off it came right back to its natural size, for a snake is a very elastic animal. The child wasn't frightened in the least. This story must be true, because the farmer was there and saw it all, and says it is true. He wanted four copies of the paper—the Carson Zephyr—if it published the item, to send to his relatives in the East. We take the liberty of extending the information to his acquaintances in the other parts of the country. Those who know him best and admire him most will be glad to hear that he is doing so well out in Nevada.—Detroit Free Press.